

Amon Amarth, Tattered Banners And Bloody Flag

There comes Lopt, the treacherous, lusting for revenge
He leads the legions of the dead, towards the Aesir's realm

They march in full battle dress, with faces grim and pale
Tattered banners and bloody flags, rusty spears and blades

Cries ring out, loud and harsh, from cracked and broken horns
Long forgotten battle cries, in strange and foreign tongues

Spear and sword clash rythmically, against the broken shields they beat
They bring their hate and anarchy, onto Vigrid's battlefield

There comes Lopt, the treacherous, he stands against the Gods
His army grim and ravenous, lusting for their blood

Nowhere is longer safe
The earth moves under our feet
The Great World Tree Yggdrasil
Trembles to its roots

Sons of Muspel gird the field
Behind them Midgard burns
Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim
And the Fenris Wolf returns

Heimdall grips the Giallarhorn, he sounds that dreaded note
Oden rides to quest the Norns, but their web is torn
The Aesir rides out to war, with armor shining bright
Followed by the Einherjer, see Valkyries ride

Nowhere is longer safe
The earth moves under our feet
The Great World Tree Yggdrasil
Trembles to its roots

Sons of Muspel gird the field
Behind them Midgard burns
Hrym's horde march from Nifelheim
And the Fenris Wolf returns